UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

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Louis L. Mann
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Organized Religion and Mysticism

By JOSEPH ERNEST McAFEE

Mexico: Graveyard of the Dead Revolution

By ALSON H. ROBINSON

The Struggle for World Peace

By S. J. DUNCAN-CLARK

The Changing Color Line

By EDGAR H. WEBSTER

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

A "Wet" Party

Chicago, Illinois.—"We congratulate Mayor Cermak of Chicago, nationally known liquor leader, upon his happy suggestion broadcast from New York City that a new political party, solidly wet, would be the logical way out in 1932 if both the major parties nominated dry or half-dry candidates," declares Dr. D. Leigh Colvin of New York City, member of the Advisory Board of the American Business Men's Prohibition Foundation.

"In my opinion," continued Dr. Colvin, "Mayor Cermak's suggestion of a new all-wet party is timely, because it would lead to a desired alignment on the Prohibition issue."

"It would give the American people a clear view of the forces which are seeking the overthrow of Prohibition, if there should be concentrated into one political party, all those who wish to bring back legalized booze."

"In this group would be those who believe that to re-legalize beer would bring back prosperity, especially to themselves; those who would shift the burden of supplying the revenues of the country upon poorer classes of people who would be exploited by the liquor traffic; those who would place the government of the country in the hands of those who believe that the qualifications of rulers depend upon their degree of wetness; those who believe that the primary qualifications of a candidate for public office should be that he is wet; and those who believe that the best public officials are the ones who are dominated by the idea of restoring the legalized liquor traffic."

"Another advantage of Mayor Cermak's suggestion would be that it would draw out of the established parties, the pro-liquor element which has corrupted and perverted politics and government of our great cities for more than a half century."

"In the alignment on the Prohibition side would be those who believe that the liquor traffic was always a cause of poverty rather than prosperity and who know that the income of all legitimate industry would diminish as the result of the debasing competition of the brewers and distillers; those who know that the return of legalized liquor would lower standards of living and deprive hundreds of thousands of children of the school opportunities which they now enjoy; and finally those who believe with Gladstone that it is the duty of government to make it easy to do right and difficult to do wrong."

A Reporter at Community Church, Boston

With various Maine centers tieing churchwork locally with an organization that has been formed for the promotion of a non-sectarian church movement, it was interesting to sit in Symphony Hall in Boston, on a recent Sabbath, and look over what is being

(*Continued on page* 200)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CVIII MONDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1931 Number 12

A NEW TEN COMMANDMENTS

A Hypocratic Oath for Modern Youth

1. I will do unto others as I would have them do unto me.
2. I will honor myself by self-development and growth; I will honor my family more than myself, my country more than my family, and humanity more than my country.
3. I will honor my body as well as my soul, and will mold it by knowledge and temperance into a temple of cleanliness and health.
4. I will grow in wisdom and understanding, in justice and courtesy.
5. I will marry with foresight as well as with love.
6. I will surpass, not duplicate, myself in my children.
7. I will speak no evil of any man.
8. I will compete in the creation of beauty rather than in the acquisition of wealth.
9. I will co-operate willingly and never exploit.
10. I will do my job and be of good cheer.

—*Will Durant,* **in "A Program for America."**

The remarkable bill, recently debated in the House of Commons in England, recognizing the full independence of the British dominions, sheds a flood of light upon what is at stake at the Indian Round Table Conference. This independence of Canada, New Zealand, South Africa, does not mean, of course, that these dominions are to leave the Empire. On the contrary, it means that the Empire is to be transformed into a free Commonwealth of Nations. The essential change is that the dominions, long subject to the rule of Britain, are now independent of this rule, and are joined with Britain only as one equal sovereignty may be joined with another for purposes of mutual defense and of the common service of common interests. This, neither more nor less, is what Mahatma Gandhi is now claiming for India. Perfect equality between the British and the Indian peoples, as we understand it, is what he has in mind. It may be necessary, of course, if Britain proves utterly obdurate, to win this outside the Empire. But Gandhi sees no reason at present why it should not be won and held inside the Empire, India enjoying the same independence as a member of the Commonwealth as Canada or Australia. Dominion status, therefore, and political freedom are by no means inconsistent. They *were* inconsistent a generation ago when the dominions were hardly better than high-class colonies. But today the dominions are independent in the sense that they manage their own affairs, and, if it were worth while, could secede from all association with Britain or each other, and set up for themselves. Gandhi asks now exactly this same status for India. It would seem as though it were a meeting ground upon which both parties to the present controversy could unite.

One might as well face the facts in Manchuria first as last, for they are now undeniable. These facts are, first, that war is being waged between Japan and China; and, secondly, that this war is in open and flagrant defiance of the League of Nations. The war has of course been going on for weeks. Everybody has denied it, most of all the actual participants. But when cities are occupied, bridges destroyed, battles fought, when artillery shells beseige towns and aeroplanes drop bombs on hostile populations, what is it but war? If a referendum could be taken of the dead, whether Chinese or Japanese, it would probably be found that these Manchurian operations were just as much war to these corpses as the more stupendous but not dissimilar operations in Flanders in 1914-1918 were war to the French and German corpses. As for the defiance of the League of Nations, could anything be more potent? This defiance began, according to our idea of things, when Japan moved her first troops into Manchurian territory, for this was armed invasion. But the real test came when the League, through M. Briand, ordered Japan to withdraw her armies not later than November 16th. The Mikado's government paid not the slightest attention to this demand. On the contrary, three days after the appointed date, the third of the provincial capitals of Manchuria was occupied by the Japanese after the heaviest fighting yet reported from the front. The question, therefore, as to what is going on in the Far East is settled. The one question remaining is the all-important question as to what the League of Nations is going to do about it. Now or never must the League vindicate itself. Action of the most drastic character must be taken, if Geneva is not to disappear, and the last faint hope of a despairing world be lost forever.

It may be said, and is being said, that Japan has a case. Of course she has a case; and, in view of our experience with propaganda in 1914, we are inclined to credit the assertion that Japan has a much better case for her armed policy in Manchuria than we have

yet been able to learn from the newspapers. She should be heard, just as Germany should have been heard years ago. But what of it, if Japan has got a case? Are we to accept the dictum that, whenever a nation has a case against her neighbor, she is to be allowed to move armies and navies to enforce her own judgment in such case? If so, how shall we ever get rid of war and establish peace? Not thus did we build order out of chaos, bring reason out of violence, in relations between individuals. Civilization in the true sense of the word began when men were taught to bring their cases for trial and settlement not to the ordeal of battle but to the arbitrament of the court. Just so, and not otherwise, lies the road to civilization along which the nations must proceed. If Japan has a case against China, it is her duty to bring it to the attention of the League of Nations, or submit it to the judgment of the World Court, or, as a last resort, appeal it to the conscience of mankind. The better Japan's case, the readier should she be to lay by the sword and trust to simple justice. The fact that she has now made resort to arms so deliberately and determinedly stirs suspicion that her case is weak, or else that she has sinister and selfish purposes of her own to serve. The whole situation, just because of Japan's own action, looks bad, and has for the time being terribly injured Japan in the eyes of the world. Even so, it is not too late. Let the Mikado halt his armies where they stand, or, still better, withdraw them altogether from alien territory, and the world will still listen to and undertake to rectify his wrongs.

"Bunk" is an abundant commodity everywhere. But when was there ever so much "bunk" as that attaching to the visits of these political celebrities from abroad? Of course it is immensely flattering to America's "ego"—as though it needed any flattering!—to have all these foreign grandees coming rushing to our shores to visit the President and receive the plaudits of our unemployed multitudes. It confirms our citizens in the conviction that great men have nothing else quite so important to do as to see Broadway and to receive the greeting of our official flunkey, Mayor Walker. Hence our unappeasable amazement that Mahatma Gandhi will not forget all about India and pay us a call! But, taking these visits of MacDonald, Laval, Grandi with a bit of seriousness,—which it is so difficult to do!—what may they actually be supposed to have accomplished in the way of peace and amity? Of course, it's lovely to see the daughters and wives of these foreign ministers, who are so invariably beautiful, and who so unfailingly dazzle the reporters with their incredible charm. But we return to our question —what has been achieved for governments and peoples by journeys, receptions, dinners, and interviews, which cost a pretty penny? Nothing at all, if clouds of words can be penetrated, to show the utter emptiness behind! In their utter inability to do anything to save the world in its present predicament of distress, these fatuous and futile men deliberately undertake to fool us by grandiose exhibitions of concern and conference. They are following the traditional rule of the speaker who has nothing to say—namely, to shout the louder and wave arms the more violently for lack of thought. A gesture has saved many an orator and actor—and is now saving many a so-called statesman. Personally, we shall be glad when these visits are over, and responsible heads of governments are called upon to enact programs rather than to stage pageants.

The 100 per cent emergency protective tariff in England seems to us to be an incredibly stupid piece of legislation. Imagine trying to meet the world depression as affecting England by putting up tariff walls against the rest of the world! But we cannot really be angry against such action, for we are too heartsick to be capable of anger. Indeed, we are not only heartsick but stomachsick when we behold Ramsay MacDonald, who has opposed Protection all his life, now bravely leading the Tory forces which are imposing this tariff policy on Britain. How can the man live with himself, to say nothing of living with the ranks of labor which he has betrayed! But in all the distress of this situation, we can still find occasion for satisfaction, even glee. For there is a grim delight in surveying our own Protectionists in this country and seeing them hoisted by their own petard. Now at last these greedsters are getting a taste of their own medicine. On the outside of the wall of privilege, instead of inside, they now know how it feels to be shut out of markets and robbed of sales. If this were all that is involved in the situation, we could wish that the tariff barriers in Britain might be reared mountain-high, and similar barriers be raised in the frontiers of all nations everywhere, that American trade might suffer what it has for years forced foreign trade to suffer. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." But of course at bottom this is as short-sighted as it is ungenerous. Retaliation is no remedy for any ill. What we need is recognition of the evil of all restriction upon the world's exchange of goods, and the establishment everywhere of free and equal trade. There is such trade between the states of the United States—a world in themselves!—why not between the nations of Europe, Asia, Africa, and the two Americas? Britain's policy is a step back into barbarism. Woe betide it!

We are constantly being told these days by our friends, the "wets," that all we need to get rid of bootlegging, speakeasies, racketeering and other criminal

activities characteristic of our age, is the repeal of the 18th Amendment. In the same way we used to be told in the innocent days before the War that all we needed to get rid of drunkenness, poverty, crime, and other fundamental social evils, was Prohibition. As a matter of fact, of course, life is never so simple as this. Single reforms seldom produce universal and final results. The fight has to go on. Thus, we have found, since the enactment of the 18th Amendment, that we still have the liquor problem with us, just as, after the enactment of the 13th Amendment, we still had, and have to this day, the negro problem. So also, if we got rid of Prohibition tomorrow, we would still have bootlegging, speakeasies, etc., *just as we had them in the good old days of booze.* For example! In a recent newspaper despatch from Genoa, Italy, we read that the Italian government has just unearthed a vast bootlegging racket. The scene of the discovery is Avezzano, where hundreds of bottles of spirits labeled wine had been imported from Sicily. Pursuit of the conspiracy revealed "a giant still" in Sicily, where liquor was manufactured in vast quantities for the contraband trade. Italy, of course, is not a Prohibition country. On the contrary, it is wringing wet with red wine and vermouth. Yet the government has its liquor problem, just as the United States has! The fact of the matter is that, just so long as there are laws of any kind regulating and taxing the sale of liquor, just so long it will be profitable to defy these laws. The only way to get rid of bootlegging is to get rid of *all* liquor laws—let the stuff flow freely, unregulated and untaxed, everywhere. And we have seen few "wets," even of the dripping type, who would advocate this remedy! Liquor must be *fought,* and the only way to fight it is to fight it exactly like burglary, prostitution, and drugs.

Organized Religion and Mysticism

In a discussion of religion the other evening, approached from several points of view, one speaker expressed alarm lest religion be identified with ethics. The feeble salvo of applause from an ultra-conservative fringe of the audience gave evidence that the sentiment is familiar. This seemed to satisfy the speaker that little else need be said. He was sure that religion is something more, something bigger and better, something different from the conduct of a man in relation to his fellows. But just what more and how different or better he did not make clear.

This speaker's statement, so often made, is either a truism which is scarcely worth the remark, or else it needs elaboration and definition. In other connections during the discussion, our speaker made frequent use of Browning's fine phrase "God-consciousness." Perhaps he would maintain that the God-consciousness is a part of the content of religion which ethics does not supply.

How far is organized religion concerned with mystical experiences? You cannot organize an insight, or a dream, or a thrill. You cannot organize a God-consciousness. You can organize a purpose, a social task. Indeed, only as a purpose is organized does it become really significant. Only as its jagged corners are rubbed off by the attrition of many wills, only as its puffed protuberances are deflated by much puncturing, only as its deficiencies are made up by accretions from many minds, does it attain that significance which inspires great loyalties. A purpose of a sort can be generated by a single will and can be executed by a single pair of hands, but it remains single and alone. Only as purposes transcend the capacity of one mind, of one will and of one individual's feeble energies are they worth the devotion even of that individual.

Our churches are mainly occupied with attempts to organize insights and emotional reactions. They scarcely give serious thought to great social purposes. They certainly are not organized to execute them. By thus attempting the impossible on the one part, and, on the other part, evading the real issues of religious organization, the church has put itself in its present plight.

The malpractice of the churches in exploiting creeds has long been the subject of resentful comment. Beliefs, opinions, in a modern, intelligent community must be recognized as among our most precious personal possessions. The largest liberty in expressing them is accorded. Yet in polite society it is not good manners to force them upon others. The higher the standards of intelligence in the community the larger is the liberty granted to each to change his opinions and beliefs, as he learns more and thinks more and contacts more open-mindedly with his fellow-citizens.

But these are not the standards incorporated in the churches. There all is officially rigid. Nominal adherence to dogmatic formulas is demanded. To be sure, church creeds are loosely held by many. Yet any deviation brings an independent thinker under suspicion in circles of the elect. Churches thus work at cross purposes with the vital forces which inspire modern education and which are shaping the fabric of progressive society generally. The latter are all for independent thinking and flexible opinions. The churches are officially and too often actually for rigid beliefs, and stifled thought. Many of the church creeds have not been revised in generations, and attempts to revise them are resisted as a profanation.

Under such a regimen thinking is tragically cramped. Religion identified with this regimen is

brought into disrepute. The community, struggling to build the good society, is cruelly robbed of those forces which should count for the most.

A similar malpractice of the churches, not so generally recognized and deplored, extends to emotional experiences. These are even more personal and unique with the individual than are beliefs. Mob emotions are never quite sane. They are usually a social menace. Emotional reactions contributory to those social effects which religion honors and seeks to produce are individual and are perverted by mass treatment.

Yet precisely that is the treatment to which the churches subject them. The initial and supreme test of the religious life in most of the churches, is conversion. This is properly identified as a profound emotional experience. None is calculated to suffer more severely from attempts at standardization. Yet the persistent endeavor of the churches has been just that, standardization. The evangelism of Billy Sunday has finally brought the system into such disrepute that few churches now resort to the drastic methods once commonly employed to force everybody who aspires to the religious life through this experience. But, nominally, most of the churches still insist upon "conversion." In less dramatic fashion than the evangelistic campaign, they still seek to force the standardized test.

All over the land thousands of ministers of religion are working upon the sensibilities of the impressionable, seeking to generate the symptoms of what is often an emotional malady. Scores of thousands of Sunday School teachers, guiltless of educational training or skill, are working upon lads and young girls seeking to commit them to certain theological formulas beyond their intellectual comprehension, and to induce in them emotional commitments which are more often evidence of adolescent derangement than of normal development.

Illustrations might be drawn in almost unlimited numbers from this field, where our churches are assiduously employed in the worse than futile task of seeking to "organize" emotional experience. The task is indeed futile; it can never be achieved successfully. But it is worse. It is a positive injury to the spiritual nature of countless individuals, and it is a distinct disservice to the community in its prosecution of religion's real mission. The good intentions which admittedly prompt this effort cannot finally atone for the ignorance of human nature and of social values which alone permits such practices to go on.

The most fundamental values of the churches' system must pass under similar scrutiny. We have already remarked that you cannot organize a God-consciousness. No more can you organize the hope of a future life. You cannot organize a sense of sin. Yet these are the irreducible minima, according to even modernist sponsors of ecclesiastical religion. Those who have not experienced these have not got religion. Those for whom these experiences do not provide the supreme motivations of life, are irreligious. They have not entered upon the religious life.

That the facts are plainly against this conclusion seems of little concern to our religious leaders. Increasing thousands of intensely religious natures in our several communities have not entered into these mystical experiences, and their motivations in the religious life are not drawn from these sources. Yet on we go, the whole weight of organized religion being thrown to the support of these dogmas, and vital energies in the population being shut away from participation in the real tasks of organized religion.

That much religious motivation is drawn from these sources is apparent. Certain narrow-minded groups of atheists, and some, indeed, who style themselves humanists, deny the fact, or at least the validity, of these religious motivations. This is even more ridiculous and intolerant than is the stubborn insistence upon them alone by our official leaders of organized religion.

If there is aught of value in our American principle of religious liberty, it certainly includes the guarantee that each citizen may draw his religious motivations whence he may. The only social tests which may be properly applied are: Does he have them, and do they work, as indicated by his response to the purposes of organized religion?

Equally efficient workers in what ought to be the program of organized religion may stand shoulder to shoulder, one inspired by the God-consciousness and another entertaining no belief in God; one spurred by the hope of personal immortality, and another knowing no such hope, if not, indeed, spurning it as unworthy; one humbled and held to his duty by a sense of sin, and another feeling that such an experience would rob him of his effectiveness as a worker for the good life. Organized religion must find worthy place for both and utilize both in its enterprises.

The mischief which our religious leadership is now doing by this attempt to organize, standardize, formalize mystical experiences cannot be too emphatically deplored. The stifling of these experiences by the very process used to cultivate them is one of the grave evils of the prevailing system. All which these experiences have to supply in the way of religious motivation is needed by organized religion. But they are individual, and unique in the case of each individual. The insincerity which forced or blanket methods of cultivating them always breed has cast a terrible blight upon current American religion.

If possible a more serious result of this program of standardizing mystical experiences is that it has diverted effort from the real mission of organized religion. Our present religious leadership has been so rigorously trained for, and has so assiduously addressed itself to, this impossible mission that it is incompetent,

and the churches over which these leaders preside are incompetent, to attack the real tasks of organized religion.

In the life of this generation there has not before been a time when the need of a religious approach to great social issues was more importunate than in the crisis through which our society is now passing. There is a disposition in some quarters to scold the churches and the ministers of religion because they have not done something about the economic depression. Such scolding is like reproaching a man without arms and legs for not doing a full day's work on the farm or in the shop. The pitiful resolutions which have been voted by ecclesiastical assemblies and the charity doles which churches have sought to collect in their several communities are an index of the competence of our present type of organized religion to meet the grave issues of today. The best which may be hoped from our churches, and of the leadership which they demand and foster, is that they subside, submerge, get out of the way, while a new leadership in religion and a new type of organization shall meet the grave but inspiring issues of today and tomorrow.

JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE.

Jottings

There may be sadder sights in the world than Viscount Snowden going into the House of Lords to represent those Tory forces of reaction which he has been fighting all his life, but if there is, we have to confess that we do not at this moment know what they are.

The students of the College of the City of New York are advocating the establishment in the faculty of "a department of peace" which shall "preach the gospel of international understanding and disarmament, of goodwill and peace." It is urged that the teachers in this department be "capable, peace-loving men." This is an excellent proposal, and suggests that students are doing more thinking these days than professors.

Variety recently asked two hundred casual passersby to identify certain famous, or notorious individuals in our modern world. Loud laughter has greeted the amazing result. *But*—when three persons identify Bernard Shaw as "an actor" and H. L. Mencken as "a nut," what is there to laugh at. Is truth never to be taken seriously?

One may confidently prophesy an improvement in the unemployment situation next spring. One trade at least will be busy at that time—namely, presidential candidates.

The German Constitution is a curious constitution. It contains articles providing for its own abrogation. A sort of act of inherent suicide! But perhaps it is just as well for the Constitution to abrogate itself as to be abrogated by vote of a Supreme Court. Murder, after all, is worse than suicide.

President Hoover, as he now stands, is beaten in next year's campaign. But the Democrats have got eleven whole months to make all the political mistakes that can be made. And if history teaches anything, they will make them.

J. H. H.

The Soul of Mankind

There is only one immortal soul—
Be what we are or do what we can,
We are a part of a living whole,
The life of our life is the life of Man.

The world of Man is the world of God.
The world of self is a world of pain.
This truth is proclaimed in star and clod—
The gain of the whole is the only gain.

Never a joy can we truly know
Seeking our own in a world of strife.
The immortal joys are those that grow
Out of the soil of the common life.

Seek ye not, then, in the heavens above
Salvation for self beyond the grave;
But seek ye rather the power of love
By which we may help the world to save!

For there is but one immortal soul—
Be what we are or do what we can,
We are a part of a living whole,
The soul of our soul is the soul of Man!

VICTOR E. SOUTHWORTH.

The Midnight Sky

[Dedicated to Sir James Jeans]

Oh, midnight sky!
Guardian of many worlds!
How vast is your love,
To harbor in your breast
These starry tones
Of the Creator!

On the earth I stand,
Humble before the bright darkness
Of your beauty,
To contemplate
Your majesty.

Man has torn
A fragment of truth
From your shining lanterns,
Oh, midnight sky!
And the great love,
That binds all things,
Shall solve your mystery
Beyond the sun.

MARIE FALCONER.

Mexico: Graveyard of the Dead Revolution*

Two events have transpired in Mexico recently of primary importance. In the first place, they have been celebrating the anniversary of Mexican independence. Mexico's Fourth of July falls on September 16, commemorating the declaration of independence by Father Hidalgo in 1810. One suspects that the speeches which are delivered in Mexico City are quite as perfunctory as those you hear in Philadelphia on the Fourth of July. There are plenty of things in Mexico, as in this country, which might well cause the patriot of today to declare, "When in the course of human events." But we haven't reached the point yet where we see the necessity of starting another revolution, and of initiating a new independence.

In the second place, Mexico has been admitted to the League of Nations. There is a certain sort of bitter irony about this. When the League of Nations launched timidly upon its voyage with a president of the United States as its non-commissioned pilot, it was not deemed wise that Mexico should be invited to membership. Several of the stronger nations in different parts of the world had regarded it inexpedient to recognize the then existing government, and there were so many more important matters to demand one's attention that Mexico could safely be disregarded. Now, however, Mexico steps into her rightful place in the affairs of nations, and says to the United States, "Our desire is to see in Geneva those countries which are still missing," and first of all of course the president of Mexico mentions our own.

> We bring to the League of Nations (he says) not the old Mexico, burdened with capitalistic charges, and shameful concessions; but rather a new Mexico of productive fields, of workmen with the rights of citizens, and social equilibrium increasing every day.

Of course, it isn't all quite so rosy as this confident proclamation of President Rubio would have us believe, but it means that this new international spirit has taken hold of Mexico; that she feels a sense of responsibility as a member of the great society of nations.

Between this incident which marked the independence of Mexico in 1810, and her reception into the association of modern nations in this present year, lies the unfolding of a long and dramatic story. The leaders of Mexico are fond of assuring you that Mexico today is a revolutionary country, and yet there are very few marks of revolution—at least when one compares it with other revolutionary countries. To be sure, as one moves up and down the country particularly through such a state as Morelos, once known as the sugar bowl of Mexico, he will find great buildings which were previously hives of industry, now in a state of collapse; with walls and houses everywhere bearing mute but unmistakable evidence of the violent period of the revolution, from 1910 to 1920.

And yet, in spite of these evidences, one feels very little of the sort of thing which he associates with revolutions, in such a country as Russia, for example. In the land of the Soviet you feel that everybody is living under the tension of an emotional strain. In Mexico the descendant of the Aztec, and other ancient Indian tribes, moves quietly on his way, indifferent to any changes which may be going on about him. In Russia you are bombarded behind and before, from youth to old age, with propaganda setting forth the necessity for conforming to the principles of the new order of society. In Mexico there are no flying banners, and few outward evidences of political organization. In the larger cities are remnants of a tattered and over-officered army. So far as the superficial observer is concerned, the chief enterprise upon which the government of Mexico is engaged is the sale of lottery tickets. One of the reasons for this striking contrast between two revolutionary countries is the fact that in Mexico they never had the sort of thing which we speak of as an ideology. Any system of philosophy or social control such as the writings of Karl Marx which became scriptural lore to the Soviets is completely nonexistent with the Mexican leaders. And yet, it was a revolution, and to a certain extent the revolution continues. It was a sort of blind and inarticulate protest against an age-long accumulation of injustice and persecution. Sooner or later revolt is inevitable.

After one has wandered about for a long time, amid what Mr. Carlton Beals calls a "Mexican Maze," gradually certain factors begin to emerge which may be regarded as fundamental to this revolution.

First of all is the land. The problem of land ownership and control is the oldest problem in Mexico; maybe it is the oldest problem among any people. An Indian without land is a contradiction in terms. He has never been able to adapt himself to any other sort of economy. Agricultural life, in one form or another, is to him the very breath of life. Another reason why the land problem is of such momentous importance in Mexico is because there is so little of it, comparatively speaking, that is productive. When the Spaniards came along in the early part of the sixteenth century, they proceeded without ceremony to appropriate all the land they desired, and establish a society of complete slavery in which the Indians should do the work. Sometimes a grant of land would extend as far as the eye could reach; from the top of one mountain to another mountain top. The result of this, so far as the Indians were concerned, was one of unspeakable degradation, poverty, suffering and ignorance.

It was against this sort of thing that the uprising of Father Hidalgo in 1821 was directed. "We want our land back," cried these Indians. They have been a long time getting it back for the reason, amongst others, that the Diaz regime, covering a period of thirty years, was quite as ruthless in its attitude towards land ownership and cultivation by the Indians as anything during the piping days of the Spanish conquest.

The constitution of 1917 required that this should all be changed, and it is a fact that very large areas of territory have been nationalized and turned back to the villages as communal lands. Unfortunately, that doesn't solve the problem, by reason of the fact that these Indians now have forgotten how to cultivate the land independently, and lacking modern machinery and knowledge of the soil, they quickly revert to primitive methods. The land question still remains unsolved.

Another important feature of the constitution of 1917 deals with the question of labor. To be sure, industry occupies a negligible place in the Mexican life, but the provisions which this constitution contains were far reaching in their day, and still remain as such.

*Second of two articles by Mr. Robinson, who has just returned from a summer in Mexico.—Editor.

One of the greatest difficulties is that the labor leaders have become politicians; while the workers, lacking discipline, have fallen victims to the worst sort of unscrupulous tyranny.

In the third place, the Mexican revolution paid its respects, in no uncertain language, to the ambition of foreigners to treat its country as a happy hunting ground. The aphorism that Mexico has been "the mother of foreigners and the step-mother of Mexicans" carries an altogether too heavy weight of tragic confirmation. That Mexicans are not the only persons who see the injustice of this is illustrated in this penetrating statement by Mr. Amos Pinchot:

> It is perfectly all right for me to take my dollar to Mexico or any other place and get all I can out of it by every decent means. But for me—after subjecting my dollar to the larger and fully anticipated risk for the sake of the larger and fully anticipated return—to come running to the American taxpayer the moment the risk materializes—who has never invested a cent in Mexico—demanding that he shall send his son and his money southward to get my hazarded dollar out of trouble, is obviously a performance which requires diplomatic description lest it be called by its correct and disagreeable name.

Perhaps the most difficult and controversial element which enters into this continuous revolution is the relationship between the Roman Catholic Church and the Mexican people. Before the Spaniards came these Indians had their own religion. It was a primitive faith, embodying the worship of saints, relics, magic, mystery, miracles, and all the rest. When the Spaniards came, superimposing another religion known as Christianity upon them, confusion was inevitable. Miss Anita Brenner tells the story in the very title of her book, "Idols Behind Altars." The chances are that anywhere you go you will find an idol of some sort as over against the cross, guaranteeing divine protection throughout the country. The story of the fashion in which the Church always affiliated itself with the reactionary political authorities is a matter of common knowledge.

The upshot of it all is that the government has taken over the entire institution. The disestablishment of the Roman Church is complete. Churches everywhere are falling into ruin, and priests are prohibited from appearing on the public streets in their clerical garments. The recent legislation in Vera Cruz which permits only one priest to a hundred thousand population is obviously an injustice. If these people want the ministration of the Roman Church, and it is the only Christian church which makes any appeal to them, they should have it.

However lacking in vital energy the Mexican revolution today may be, it is still a country of infinite charm for the lover of light and color. Cultural forces are at work in Mexico today, which if they are not crushed out by the modern spirit of commercialism, may point a new era in the spiritual development of this continent. When one goes to Mexico, for instance, he hears music everywhere. He sees the people responding to the appeals of their great painters and artists, and it may be that even in the field of democracy Mexico will yet show light and reason to a distracted world.

ALSON H. ROBINSON.

The Struggle for World Peace, The Outlawry of War*

The world's thought concerning war and peace has been climbing the spiral of progress to higher levels of intelligence and resolve. It has become more daring in plan and experiment. Each twist in the spiral, although it may have seemed to throw us back, has carried us upward, and increased our determination to find a way of escape from violence as a sanctioned method in human relations. The League of Nations and the Permanent Court of International Justice are unmistakable evidence that we have reached a loftier plane of effort. They represented, in their conception, a courageous attempt to introduce the principles of reason and law into the domain of international life, with organized mechanisms to serve them; in effect they institutionalized for the world the ideals of goodwill and justice, but they stopped short of effort to exclude war. They set up one type of institution as a competitor, rather than as a substitute for the other. For war, as we noted briefly last week, had become an institution—had become, indeed, the most privileged institution in our civilization. Even the League of Nations recognized it as a possible court of last resort, the Supreme Court of the World, which might, under certain conditions, assume jurisdiction in international disputes despite all authority resident in the League and in the Permanent Court of International Justice.

True the League looked upon it as a court whose adjudications were to be avoided by every possible means. But it stripped it of none of its legal sanctions, deprived it of none of its official standing. It talked of disarming it, but it soon became evident that the disarmament of an institution, so long and so strongly entrenched, would be a thing infinitely difficult while it remained the object of awed but lawful reliance on the part of nations.

I spoke a moment ago of war as the court of last resort. But that figure is, in fact, a slander on courts and on the conception of law and justice for which they stand. A no less fitting figure is that in which war is sometimes likened to the exercise of police power. Let us consider it a moment. The policeman is primarily an arresting officer, acting under the authority of law for the purpose of bringing the lawbreaker within the jurisdiction of the law. He is supposed to use no more force than is necessary to effect the arrest. In cases where he employs violence, which may wound or kill, the justification is defense of his own life. Punishment is not his prerogative. That belongs to the court. He is not an administrator of justice, but an agent of justice functioning to bring the suspected or accused within the zone of its administration. Thus far no wars have been fought on this basis, and the parallel between police power and the war power breaks down completely at this point. War in history has been a recognized means for attaining national ends. It has been lawful under the international code for any nation which thought it could promote its interests by violence to make war when and where it pleased. The justification for its murderous enterprise has rested wholly with itself. If it succeeded it was justified. It took what it could take; it held what it could hold. For

*This article is the ninth and last of a series of addresses spoken over the Chicago Radio Station WMAQ by an editorial writer of the Chicago Daily News.

the defeated there was no recourse; no tribunal of justice; no court before which his case could be heard. He was not dealing with a policeman, but with a highwayman—and a highwayman against whose operations no law existed; a highwayman, indeed, who was supported by law, and respectabilized and even glorified by centuries of romantic tradition.

There was a man in Chicago who saw this clearly, and who had the brain and the courage to follow the suggestion of this aspect of war to its only logical conclusion. He saw it before the League of Nations was conceived; while we were still talking about a league to enforce peace. Early in 1917 a stranger invited me to lunch with him at Vogelsang's restaurant, which still survived on Madison Street. We discussed war and the means of dealing with it. In substance my host said to me, "We can never end war by force. The only way is to outlaw it." The stranger was Salmon O. Levinson, able lawyer and great-hearted lover of humanity, and this idea—which at the moment seemed to me too simple to be potent—was the germ from which evolved the Kellogg pact.

Were there time I could tell you a fascinating story of how one man, without an organization, without a press, spending his private means, carried on the most extraordinary campaign of education against war which the world has ever known, a frontal attack on the legally fortified institution of war. Levinson planted the seed of war-outlawry in the minds of many people by personal contacts. He sowed it in the soil of America and the soil of Europe, crossing the ocean time and again to reach the statesmen and the leaders of European thought with his message.

Let me quote his own clear and vigorous statement of this idea which is playing a tremendous part in the struggle for world peace:

> The principle underlying the outlawry of war is this, (he says), the law should always be on the moral side of every question. But the law of nations has always been on the wrong side of the war question. International law has continued to recognize, shelter, protect and reenforce the legal status of war until war has become the most lawful thing in civilization. For what with laws of conscription, martial laws and espionage acts, everyone who impedes in the slightest degree the operations of war is a criminal . . . Being unspeakably evil, war's moral status cannot be changed, but its legal status can be and must be changed.

That, of course, was written before the drafting and adoption of the Kellogg pact in which the ratifying nations "renounce war as an instrument of national policy" and pledge themselves to seek the settlement of international disputes, whatever their cause or nature, by only pacific means.

That pact outlaws war; destroys its institutional character; strips it of its sanctions; makes disarmament logical, and lays a foundation for a new world order, in which the principles of reason and law, of goodwill and justice need no longer be regarded as competitors with war in the society of nations. The methods of diplomacy, of conciliation, arbitration and adjudication are now the only legalized methods for the settlement of international disputes. Thus by this pact the peace movement has achieved a position of strategic strength, which if its advantages and opportunities are intelligently and vigorously employed, should bring to it the crowning victory. The great need is to educate the peace sentiment of the world to an awareness of the tremendous moral strength which it derives from this instrument, and to the effective use which can be made of it in times of international controversy by organized and enlightened public opinion.

The movement for peace has a long and splendid history. It has survived and increased in strength and intelligent direction with the passing of the centuries; in spite of all relapses, it has moved forward to higher ground, to positions of greater advantage; the story of its struggle furnishes encouragement for confident faith in its ultimate triumph. It is not within the scope of these talks to make prediction. We are still in the era of experiment. There is much that remains to be done. Despite the fact that by agreement war has been made an outlaw, the swords have not yet been beaten into plowshares nor the spears into pruning hooks. The institution of war has been ended by pact, but the ruffianly highwayman still blusters and collects tribute from the nations.

There will assemble presently at Geneva a conference of the nations to consider how this ruffian, stripped of his legal standing, may be deprived of his weapons and the support which he exacts from burdened peoples. It will be a test of courage and sincerity for the world, and the statesmen who will represent their respective countries must be stimulated and sustained by sentiment organized and effectively expressed if they are to fulfill our hopes of substantial achievement.

Someone has figured that if we consider the time it took to travel around the world fifty years ago as compared with the time in which that circumterrestrial journey can be made today we may picture the difference by saying that in proportion our world has shrunk from the size of a football to that of a walnut. In such a world war is an intolerable menace. Once let loose, none can escape its perils and tragic cost. But in such a world, also, it is easier to realize our mutual interests, to understand our common problems, to develop helpful intimacies and cooperation. Out of the suggestion and tactful effort of my honored colleague, Edward Price Bell, grew the friendly visit of the British Prime Minister to the American President. The other day we saw the leaders of the German government visiting the British Prime Minister at his country home. Mr. MacDonald is to return their visit in Berlin. The American secretary of state and secretary of the treasury are at this moment visiting the chieftains of European governments. This is the new diplomacy, the diplomacy of a neighborhood world which is seeking to develop and to make effective the spirit of neighborliness. To encourage that spirit by every means in our power is the greatest service we can render to the cause of peace. It is the service of patriotism, plus intelligence, plus vision.

S. J. Duncan-Clark.

Non-violence is not a cover for cowardice, but it is the supreme virtue of the brave. Exercise of non-violence requires far greater bravery than that of swordsmanship. * * *

A dog barks and bites when he fears. A man who fears no one on earth would consider it too troublesome even to summon up anger against one who is vainly trying to injure him. The sun does not wreak vengeance upon little children who throw dust at him. They only harm themselves in the act. —Gandhi.

The Changing Color Line*

It was the privilege of the author some time ago to spend seven weeks upon the campus of a school for colored youth situated in the Gulf Coastal Plain. I was called into the school in an advisory capacity, so that I had a work to do, and I found myself the only white person upon a campus that with its buildings housed a school of perhaps four hundred students with its colored faculty. Two incidents occurred that were illuminating. By the merest chance I met upon the campus an old-time friend of my wife, now living in the southern town in which the school is situated. Wishing to show me some courtesy, she invited my host and his wife—that is, the principal and his wife—with myself to an afternoon tea. And I went alone! The lady was somewhat outdone, and all I could say was—"You are from the North and do not understand. They *could* not come." Again, it was the Sunday before Armistice day. A prominent man was to speak at a local church. It was arranged that my host and I were to attend, but when the church was reached, I went in alone and he returned to come for me later in the evening.

I found myself interested in the members of the faculty, and especially in a young man who was unique in the fact that he was New England born and bred, and a graduate from a New England Agricultural College. His contacts during his whole life had been with the white group almost entirely, yet when—but I delay! When his sister graduated from the Normal School, she was denied a position, not for lack of recommendation, but because she was colored. So she came south and entered into work among her own racial group. I am led to think that in his case the problem was much the same. He had a diploma, but was colored. I think of him as, for the first time in his life, in an environment where he is absolutely free, on the campus and in the colored section of a little southern city. As I came away, I said to him, "I have reached this conclusion, that this student body gets more inspiration from a faculty of its own group than it would if you were white teachers. In the latter case, they would feel that white folks can do these things and we can take the results. But with a colored faculty there must come the inspiration. We can do these things. He demurred and said "There is the loss of contact!" To this I could only reply, "Yes, there is a loss, but loss always goes with a gain."

During the Commencement season I attended two Commencement exercises and saw two academic processions. In both cases each member of the faculty wore the cap and the gown; but there was a goodly number of academic hoods which told that there were Masters and Doctors in the faculties. In one case there was one white professor on the faculty, a man; in the other case, one white woman. The two faculties were practically all colored. That was not so forty years ago; nor thirty, nor twenty years ago. Forty years ago a reception to all the missionary teachers and workers was given in Atlanta at the dedication—as I recall—of a new building. One hundred and twenty teachers and workers attended. There were a few colored persons in the company, but they were conspicuous by their fewness. Should a similar reception be held in Atlanta today, the converse would be true; white teachers would be conspicuous by their fewness.

A chapter in the history of education among the Negroes is closing. Before '61 there were some feeble efforts at schools by free Negroes for free Negroes. And there were cases where the children of the mansion taught as part of their play the children of the cabin. But the great mass of the freedmen was virgin soil for teachers. What was true in Georgia was doubtless true elsewhere; hardly had Appomattox been decided than certain white planters established schools for the colored children. But the spirit that brought the Pilgrims to Plymouth in 1620, brought their descendants to the South in '65 and the following years. These were God's noblemen and noblewomen; they came in some cases from homes of wealth; in many cases they were "the ripened product of seven generations of New England culture"; in all cases they came with the Puritanic zeal of their forbears. To the Negro children "it seemed as if the angels had come directly from Heaven to help us." It was with such white teachers that the elementary work began. Frowned upon by the Southern whites, they persisted, until under the reconstruction government the South's dual system of public schools was established. There must have been some white teachers for these first public schools for colored children. Forty years or more ago white and colored teachers taught in one of the public schools of Atlanta; and in Charleston, S. C., the Negro schools had southern white teachers up and into the first years of the World War. But the main body of teachers for colored children came from the students of the missionary schools, and as the school term came in the summer, many a colored teacher from these schools taught in the summer and made the money with which to return to his own school in the fall. Thus the missionary teachers taught the young people who were to go out in the summer and carry the lessons they had learned to the great group of children who could not get this instruction from white teachers at first hand.

Many of this first group of summer school teachers had themselves only grammar school education in whole or in part. A chapter might be written at this point, but to summarize, the first work of the missionary teachers was to meet the elementary problem themselves. The second work was to train the youth who should take charge of this elementary work. The third work of the missionary schools, supplemented now by state schools, as the state took up the problem more generously and more efficiently, was partly to add to the number of elementary teachers, but also to look forward to preparing teachers for high school positions, whether in the faculties of the mission schools themselves or in state secondary schools as they were created. The fourth work is suggested by the faculties that are referred to above. The colleges for Negro youth, having trained a body of college men and women and having sent them to northern universities for higher degrees, have rendered the white teachers of these missionary schools in a sense unnecessary, and it is quite natural that the places these have filled so well for sixty years should more and more be taken over by the graduates of their own schools. This means that there is a gradual withdrawal of the white teachers from the schools for colored youth; and this

*See article, "Upon the Gentle Art of Being Colored," in UNITY, February 17, 1930.—Editor.

means the loss of that contact which was the finest contribution of the Puritan North to the Negroes of the South.

On August 2nd, 1914 (the World War had just begun), I was one of a party of colored teachers taking a sail in Charleston harbor. At that time the American Missionary Association had withdrawn its white teachers from Avery Institute, and replaced them by a colored faculty. And the situation was debated *pro* and *con* on the trip. Both sides were there; those who saw the gain, and those who felt the loss. Speaking to me, an attractive young woman said with emphasis, "If they (the white teachers) have been with us forty years and have not trained us to take care of our own schools, when shall we ever be ready to do so?"

Just what this contact of the Missionary teacher and the Negro student meant can best be told by quoting from Dr. Du Bois's "The Souls of Black Folk." "The teachers in these institutions came not to keep Negroes in their places, but to raise them out of the places where the filth of slavery had wallowed them. The colleges they founded were social settlements; homes where the best of the sons of the freedmen came in close and sympathetic touch with the best traditions of New England. They lived and ate together, studied and worked, hoped and harkened in the dawning light. In actual formal content, their curriculum was doubtless old-fashioned, but in educational power it was supreme, for it was the contact of living souls."

A woman of more than local prominence, a graduate from one of these schools in the early nineties, writes in a personal letter dated, May 19th, 1930: "(The school) gave something to her children that was priceless, peerless and everlasting. We could not define it quite, but we all realized that we were different because we were privileged to attend there, and also we knew that it was not the sum total of data learned that made the great difference, but that subtle something that comes to the pupil from contact with fine and noble spirits."

These two quotations describe the situation as it was. They emphasize the value of the "contact" which is now passing and in passing brings the loss that the present situation entails. "The old order changeth. . . ." Can the colored college professor make a contribution to his students that will take the place of this "contact" of the past?

I stood recently at the grave of the first soldier of the World War to be buried in the National Cemetery at Mobile, Alabama. He was a colored youth of the city who completed the High School course of one of the Atlanta schools, and then found a clerkship in Mobile. I saw him last in the "Old Car Shed," as the colored appointees were taking train for the Training Camp at Des Moines, Iowa. As the outcome of his military training he was made a first lieutenant; he returned to Fort Dodge as a training instructor; in the winter he had an attack of pneumonia; not appreciating the difference between a Gulf winter and an Iowa winter, he left the hospital too soon, had a relapse, and passed away. His body in care of a fellow lieutenant was brought to Mobile, and was met at the station by a cordon of United States soldiers. Mobile witnessed a military funeral as one of its colored boys was borne up Government Street to his final rest in the National Cemetery. A simple block of marble bears the name, "Lieutenant Carter N. Brown." There is nothing in the marble to say other than that he was an American soldier who paid the "last full measure of devotion." At the "Old Car Shed" in Atlanta, I saw Guy Canady leave the train, as handsome a young man as ever wore the khaki of a lieutenant. At the Terminal Station that night a group of students and myself gathered to meet Lieutenant Mallalieu W. Rush, the tallest colored man in service, six feet seven inches tall, and erect as a pine tree. How the white folk looked at him in his commanding height and then looked at the group assembled to do him honor! I saw them again at Camp Upton, Long Island, as they drilled their troops on the day before they entrained for France. And they both lie in France killed before Metz, while we "played at war" before the Armistice went into effect on the morning of November 11th, 1918. And now (July 16th, 1930) their "Gold Star Mothers" are crossing the Atlantic as the guests of the United States. But the Government found difficulty in housing these "Mothers" in Cosmopolis, and chartered a special steamer to transport them as a segregated group across the Atlantic to France!

Only yesterday I finished that curious book, "Wings on My Feet," which tells of the reaction of the War upon an ignorant though not unintelligent Negro youth as he found himself in the service and at the front. "But I'm on my way, Lawd, I'm on my way. Been singing 'I want to go home, I want to go home.' Well, won't be long now, won't be long. War got my buddies, never got me. Me and War same thing." And he is at home! "Howsomever, white folks told me would give me half an hour, whether I would take off my uniform or leave town. I tells 'em I'm a soldier of Uncle Sam, I been fighting in France, can't do nothin' with me. They tells me they don't give a dam, I ain't no soldier neither, nothing but dam' nigger, and can't have me wearing uniform. So they sends crowd o' boys after me, will I leave or will I not." And this is not fiction. It is history. Perhaps out of the disillusionments that followed the return from France none was more keenly felt than this one, of having fought to "make democracy safe" and to find no change of attitude in the South.

The President of a Southern Railroad addressed a letter to a prominent colored man and asked him why the colored people were not riding any more on the trains. The reply was brief and to the point. "The colored people are tired of paying first-class fare for second-class accommodations; and they own their own cars." One wonders at noting the empty Negro (half) coach carried on all Southern trains, that the railroads do not themselves protest against the anachronism of the Negro-coach with its entailed loss.

It was June, 1929, in Atlanta, in the Auditorium, at the meetings of the N. E. A. (National Education Association). I attended all the general sessions and some of the smaller conferences. They were all interesting and the audience, gathered from many portions of our country and even from Hawaii, made an attractive group. When the distinguished Principal of Tuskegee Institute, the only colored educator on the program, rose after his introduction, he paused a moment, looked upon the audience, and said, "I seem to be the only person of color present." Note that Atlanta is a southern city, with a colored population of more than 80,000, with colored teachers for its colored schools; and the gathering was the "National Educa-

tion Association," yet Dr. Moton could not distinguish one of his own color in the four thousand or more teachers before him. Perhaps I was the only person present who knew that a half-dozen were in the audience who were "legally" colored, but no one not acquainted would know it. We talked over the morning session briefly and I asked if other colored teachers were present. The reply was "No." Three reasons were given at different times. "We do not know that we are wanted, and so we remain away to avoid embarrassment." "We could go if we would segregate ourselves, which we would not do." "These meetings are not for you." I suspect that the last is the real reason, but I will not affirm that it is.

Thirty years ago at Harvard, two young men found themselves roommates, and the relationship continued until they graduated. Both were from the South and they journeyed southward together. They reached the Mason and Dixon Line. Then one said to the other: "It is too bad, Chum, we have enjoyed each other, but now the law says that we must separate and so we must." And the other replied philosophically, "I understand," and the two shook hands and parted.

Only recently, 1929-1930, a young white student from Kentucky, studying in Indiana, conceived the idea that he would like to cross the color line and have a colored collegian as his roommate. A young Negro from Alabama was asked if the idea appealed to him. He thought the matter through, wondered how it would seem to room with a white fellow, and decided to make the experiment. If the pictures of the young men are a fair indication of the equality of each, I think that if I were their age I could be happy to room with either.

Speaking with a prominent colored woman from Texas, one of the state's efficient educators, she said "We never take up the morning paper but with a certain dread, wondering what the latest news may be." And this touches upon the most serious item in this problem of "being colored." If a white man commits a crime in the South, and white men sometimes do, it is a matter between one man and the courts. If a Negro breaks the law, it is frequently the whole colored section that suffers. One never really knows what is behind a race riot. Such a riot occurred in Alabama this summer (1930). It began—we are told—in an altercation about the battery of an automobile. The outcome was that four Negroes and two white men were killed. I doubt if we have the whole story.

We drove into a small town in Texas, twenty-five of us, in an autobus-de-luxe, at midnight. We had been to the coast and were returning. We had lost time due to rains and adobe mud, and had been driving all night to catch up with our schedule. It may be that our coming was made known by the "grape-vine telegraph," for we found a group of men in the town square, and their greetings were cordial. From the opening of conversation, I surmised that they thought we either had "booze" for sale or had come to purchase. But that was farthest from our thought. We broke up into little groups, and one of the Texans chanced to say to me, "We have just secured a city charter for our town, and we have drawn the boundaries so that we are a white city. There is not a single Negro family within the city limits." That was two years ago. I have met the same situation since in Alabama and in Georgia. I suppose it means electric light for the streets, and homes, city water and city drainage, hard surfaced streets, and city schools for "white only." Negroes may come in during the day to purchase or to work; but are expected to be outside the city limits at sun down.

All is not drab in the picture, there are some high lights. If the changing personnel of the teachers of colored youth results in a marked curtailing of the "contact" with whites through the white teacher, there is the development of racial leadership which is most valuable. There are a million and a quarter teachers in our country. Probably less than a tenth of these are colored teachers. But whether an hundred thousand or less, there is no occupation that develops leadership better than teaching. And here is a large body of colored folk getting practical experience in leadership.

Among the "high lights" are the Rosenwald schools. The story of these schools reads like a romance. Mr. Rosenwald had gotten interested in Tuskegee Institute and asked Mr. Washington to indicate some constructive service that he might render to colored people. It is here as elsewhere that Booker T. Washington, as a man of vision, stands out. He called Mr. Rosenwald's attention to the wretched shacks that housed most of the colored schools in Alabama and throughout the South. Mr. Rosenwald caught Mr. Washington's vision, and the Rosenwald schools are the outcome. The following are the steps which a "hard headed business man" took to accomplish a work of far-reaching importance. First, he aroused in the school district a feeling of need and a willingness to give; secondly, he called in the assistance of the white people of the community; thirdly, he would have the recognition and help of the public; lastly he secures the aid of the Rosenwald fund to complete the project. The work began in Alabama. "The Rosenwald Fund" aided a community to build a schoolhouse on a hill. Such a school house was needed, badly needed on other hills in the South. School superintendents, General Education Board agents, Jeanes' teachers, County Training principals, and the people all seized upon the Rosenwald school as something visible, as tangible evidence of progress in Negro education. It was probably the "missing link" to round out a complete program for Negro schools. To June 30, 1928, Mr. Rosenwald had contributed three and a half million dollars, public funds more than twelve millions, white people directly nearly a million, and the Negroes themselves more than four million dollars. These schools began in Alabama in 1914. In fourteen years they spread into fourteen Southern states, with a total number of 4,136 schools. These schools employ 11,362 teachers, and seat 511,290 pupils.

Out of the total, the public with the local white friends paid 65%; the Fund 17% and the Negroes themselves 18%. With so large an investment in Negro school buildings, the interest of the whites in Negro education must perforce be largely increased.

Two years ago, representatives of the philanthropic foundations called the city fathers of Atlanta into council, and said in effect, "We are thinking that the time has come to establish a graduate school for Negro students, and that Atlanta is the place for such a school; but we do not wish to do this unless it meets your approval." The City Fathers replied, "Not only

are we not averse to your proposition, but we most heartily favor it." The outcome is that Atlanta University was chosen, partly because of its name, and its charter, but as having a campus of fifty-five acres, a high standard of scholarship, and a distinguished body of alumni. Beginning with the October opening, Atlanta University enrolled its first body of graduate students seeking the higher degrees.

Inter-racial student conferences are bringing together racial representatives who discuss race-problems with fairness and good temper. Y. M. C. A. groups in the white colleges take up similar studies. Prominent colored men have been invited to address student groups at Columbia University upon race relations. James Weldon Johnson occupied a professor's chair for a week at Chapel Hill. One student declined to attend the class, saying, "I do not care if he is a poet and has published a book of poems. He is only a 'nigger' and I am not going to hear him." But he was alone in this decision.

Of the many Negro soldiers who went to the front, having so far as they were concerned "no case against the Kaiser," those who returned attained a world-point-of-view. In a sense they forgot, not that they were colored, but that color meant limitation. One lad at least, and doubtless there were others, wrote to his mother, "I have to look in the glass to assure myself that I am colored." This was itself a reason for a new stringency upon the Negro trooper when he came back. He must not forget that this is America and not France! Nevertheless he still retains the world-point-of-view. We may roughly separate the Negroes today into two groups—(1) those who by reason of their contact with their teachers, or in the North, or in France, or elsewhere, carry themselves in the company of white folk as men among men, showing independence without arrogance, courtesy without servility; (2) another group who seem to accept the Southern philosophy of "racial inferiority." Yet who knows what is going on in the mind of the most acquiescent Negro? His attitude is not that of "passive resistance" as urged by Gandhi, but rather of quiet acceptance of a situation in which, for the time being, he is helpless, but out of which he has faith to believe a way can be found or made.

EDGAR H. WEBSTER.

The Starving Guests

[*"At Philadelphia one of the theaters advertised for a man; the next morning not less than 5,000 men responded." A current unemployment news item.*]

"This is a desert place," the Apostles said,
"And yields no fare for all this multitude
That throng to hear thy words; send them away
Dear Master, so that they may buy them food!"
But Jesus said, "They have no need to go,
Give them to eat yourselves." "But we have here
No more than five small loaves, a fish or two,
And what are they to feed so great a throng?"
Yet when he blest and broke the little store
It left no hungry ones among his guests
Although there ate with him "five thousand men."

This is no desert place of after years
Where once again five thousand men come starved
To seek not first for bread, but chance to toil.
A land of plenty, rather, with good things
To nourish all, provided for their need
By Hands that fed their brothers long ago.
Who then dares keep God's bounty from the mouths
Of all but one of this new famished throng,
And feeds not even him until he work?
Not so His guests fared in far Galilee!

Is it a President who sends away
These desperate thousands staggering with want?
No, surely, for the starving are his care.
A Governor, or Mayor, then?—but each
Would rather citizens should eat than die.
Do bankers then, or potent business chiefs,
Come hurrying to this theater door where plead
Five thousand for one chance, and cruelly
Snatch from the trembling fingers each poor crust?
Incredible, for every merchant prince
Contributes of his wealth to charity.
No judge can envy these forlorn their lives,
When jails feed vagrants he may send to them.
No doctor would forbid them sustenance
When he himself may minister ere night
To some brought fainting from these very ranks.
Nor would a priest of God in all the land
Repress a sigh in presence of such throng,
But would pray rather for new miracle
Of loaves and fishes for this multitude.

Who is the culprit then? Who locks the doors
Of granary and warehouse filled with help,
And turns the famished from such store to die?
"Not I!" "Not I!" indignant, horrified,
Is each one's answer to such querying.
"The System is to blame!" one voice exclaims,
And all the others, grasping at the straw,
Re-echo with relief the anxious cry,
"The System does it—blame no one of us!"

But "systems" foster order, not this shame
Of chaos worse confounded where men starve
Because the harvests are too great, and freeze
Because they heap the coal too high, go bare
Because they make too many shoes and coats!
Not this will serve as scapegoat for our sins.
To loathe with righteous hatred such a curse
As lets one man go hungry who will work
But is denied—*one* man?—but millions now,
And having seen its blight, to end its sway,
This only will avert our punishment.
Such "system" is ourselves—not one absolved—
Our cowardice and silence its support.
In all the nation never heart or tongue
Escapes the blame, that fails to utter wrath
Against the evil thing, although such words
May cost the speaker pelf and praise and friends.
But so he will not perish in the fall
Of modern Babylon, whose golden towers
And walls of cruelty are deeply mined
By daring sappers of the former times,
Who gladly died to haste that overthrow
And clear the destined site for brotherhood.
To help fulfill such sacrifice, and share
The Cause of Man for whom those gave their blood
Will be enough reward for this day's scorn.
For harken!—all the prophecies agree—
The day of reckoning is near at hand.

As surely as the Hands that broke the bread
Shrank not from nails that fixt them to the wood,
But let their love flow forth across all time,
As when some crimson moonrise from the sea
Sheds wake of blood-red splendor down its waves,
So surely on the palace wall, where feast
The heedless ones, enriched by toilers' pangs,
A Hand they crucify again writes now
Its "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin"—
"Your selfish rule is weighed in balances
Of God—and is found wanting—and shall end!"

ELIOT WHITE.

The Study Table

Book Notes

Adventures in Philosophy and Religion, by James Bissett Pratt. The Macmillan Company, New York. Price, $2.00.

A playful attempt by a serious scholar to deal in whimsical dialogue-form with important matters. The result is not encouraging.

With the Door Open, by J. Anker Larsen. The Macmillan Company, New York. Price, $1.50.

A simple, straightforward story of a mystic who believes that all who will may, without trance or ecstacy, open the door of the soul to the floods of eternity.

Social Progress and Christian Ideals, by James Myers, Howard E. Jensen, William P. King, Alva W. Taylor. Cokesbury Press, Nashville. Price, $2.25.

An attempt to stem the tide of "radicalism and atheistic communism" in the interest of a Christian world order, in which volume the excellent chapter by Alva W. Taylor seems strangely out of setting.

The Essentials of Leadership, by Herman H. Horne. Cokesbury Press, Nashville. Price, $1.00.

In which there is much practical counsel, but a rather labored effort to prove the incomparable leadership of Jesus.

"Yes, But," by Willard L. Sperry. Harper & Brothers, New York. Price, $2.00.

An exposition and defense by the Dean of Harvard Divinity School of what he terms "illiberal liberalism." Orthodoxy is going, liberalism has broken down, humanism—the logical outgrowth of liberalism—is not satisfactory. Beyond these is illiberal liberalism trying to learn to say God anew and finding no sufficient ground for human hopes other than in cosmic intent.

The Growth of the Idea of God, by Dean Shailer Mathews. The Macmillan Company, New York. Price, $2.50.

Believe it or not, Dean Shailer Mathews has made a real contribution to humanistic literature. He traces the history of the idea of God in a way which in both method and spirit sounds familiar to non-theistic thinkers. His story of theological change is devastating to the convictions of orthodox religionists. The theology of a given period, far from being the logical statement of eternal verities, is the reflection of social ideas and patterns. Social changes bring theological changes. Moreover, there is no metaphysical being corresponding to the God of the theologians, nor "any actual personality corresponding to any idea of God which has yet been organized." "We are not yet equipped to formulate a cosmic purpose." But, alas, the elation of the non-theistic humanist is brought to a sudden stop—and so near the end of the book! Despite all that has gone before, Dean Mathews concludes that God is our conception of the personality-evolving and personally responsive activities of the cosmic environment with which we are organically related; and that such an idea of God enables us to pray as we love, not with a dictionary but with an image. Choice with intent, which belongs on the human level, is read into prehuman processes, forces that produce personality are by their very existence declared personally responsive, and so we have a new theism.

National Defense, by Kirby Page. Farrar & Rinehart, New York. Price, $3.00.

Kirby Page has given us an excellent survey of the causes and results of war, the existing perils to peace, and a pacific strategy of national defense. Chief among the causes are nationalism, imperialism, and alliances. The results are not only economic but also of a far-reaching moral and spiritual nature. Of major interest is the peace strategy. This Mr. Page states in a Twenty-two Point Program for Patriots:

> Seek clearer understanding and keener appreciation of the peoples of other lands; urge the adoption of text-books which promote peace rather than war; advocate the establishment of a National Peace Department in the Federal Government; roll up a tidal wave of public support for the Briand-Kellogg Treaty; support an agreement that in the event of a violation of the Briand-Kellogg Treaty the signatories of the Pact will enter into conference as to the kind of non-warlike action demanded by the crisis; uphold the effort to negotiate conciliation and arbitration treaties with all other nations; support the movement to induce our Government to sign the Optional Clause of the World Court protocol; strive to secure the early entrance of the United States into the League of Nations; recognize the value of membership in the International Labor Organization by the United States; work for the early independence of the Philippine Islands; advocate the recognition of Soviet Russia by the United States; urge the participation of the United States in a new conference on reparation and war debts; reveal the menace of chauvinism; emphasize the fallacies and perils of the military philosophy; struggle to obtain drastic reductions in armaments; endeavor to secure the abandonment of armed intervention in other lands; seek to abolish the Reserve Officers' Training Corps in high schools and colleges; point out the perils inherent in the Citizens' Military Training Camps; stand like flint against high tariffs; strive to avoid racial discrimination in our immigration and naturalization laws; attempt to remedy such acts of international injustice as that perpetrated by saddling Germany with sole guilt in causing the World War; go on record now as stating your present purpose not to sanction any future war nor participate in warfare as an armed combatant.

Dynamite, by Louis Adamic. The Viking Press, New York. Price, $3.50.

Here is a realistic tale of the actual philosophy of force that dominates the class struggle in America. Both capital and labor, when engaged in the struggle for power, have depended ultimately on force. "Dynamite—that's the stuff." The author has the gift of tongues. His story of the class struggle grips the reader from start to finish. Part one is captioned by J. Gould's famous statement: "I can hire one-half of the working class to kill the other half." The Molly Maguires strut across the pages of the second chapter. The riots of 1877 make the blood boil. Then the Haymarket tragedy—"Suddenly—a blinding flash, a cloud of gray smoke—a terrific detonation, a sickening smell . . . Someone—possibly an anarchist, possibly a hired racketeer—had hurled a bomb." Confusion, fire, murder. Sixty-seven policemen were wounded, seven of them fatally. No one knows how many laborers were wounded or killed. The age of dynamite had begun. Labor becomes a racket. A military commander says "to hell with the constitution." The wobblies wobble! Gompers weeps! Sacco and Vanzetti are legally murdered! Sabbotage! More dynamite! It is an awful story. And yet, as Clarence Darrow is quoted as saying of James B. McNamara, it may be said of most of the men on both sides of the struggle, "They are not murderers at heart."

CURTIS W. REESE.

The Field

(*Continued from page* 186)

done in the community church that worships there every week.

Were there many Harvard and M. I. T. men present? Maybe it was too early in the season. A survey of the audience did not reveal this to be the fact. The people for the most part were adults of maturity and middle age; a strange mixture of nationalities and probably creeds, such as one might expect at Ford Hall forum in the same city.

Was it an interested group? Without a doubt. Listeners were intent on the program, appreciative of the string quartet and organ music, and keen to catch every word by the preacher, who was none less than John Haynes Holmes of New York City, guest speaker of the day.

Symphony Hall stirs many memories, and evokes pictures of thousands of great artists who have walked its stage and given their song and symphonies to a world of music lovers. Somehow, the service of the day was in keeping with these beautiful and reverent traditions.

Mr. Holmes, liberal, progressive, broad-minded, fearless, penetratingly logical, a man of fine culture from the schools and of world-experience through travel, spoke with such a flow of English as marked him a natural orator, not too ornate and yet impressive. His silvering hair, his lithe, lean frame swaying with his emotions, his expressive, nervous fingers and hands and that flute-voice echoing through Symphony Hall left an indelible memory.

His talk was an analysis of modern trends of thought, with a recognition of the upheavals of today and an optimism that foresees more truth and more beauty in the expression of society tomorrow. He was careful to divorce the terms of "religion" and "church" (the ecclesiastical machine) and to credit youth, even the youth of Russia, with aspirations of noble intent and service for the common good, essentially Christian.

Too, he sees morals, all too turbulent today, settling into codes of living most fair and beautiful to behold.

His incidental tribute to Gandhi was discerning and sympathetic. World symphony of understanding poured from his lips. There was something of the prophet about him, his bearing and message. Right or wrong, as time alone will tell he made an impressive figure at this community church meeting.

At its close came the period of questioning, when ideas were challenged, explained more fully, and the mind of the audience played upon the mind of the speaker fascinatingly.

There was nothing soporific here. It was vital, warm, inspirational, clarifying, appealing. Religion and worship for the hour constituted a mutual searching for Truth, between leader and nearly a thousand people, and it was devoid of creed and doctrine and ritual.

—*Alice Frost Lord.*

County Journal (Maine)

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